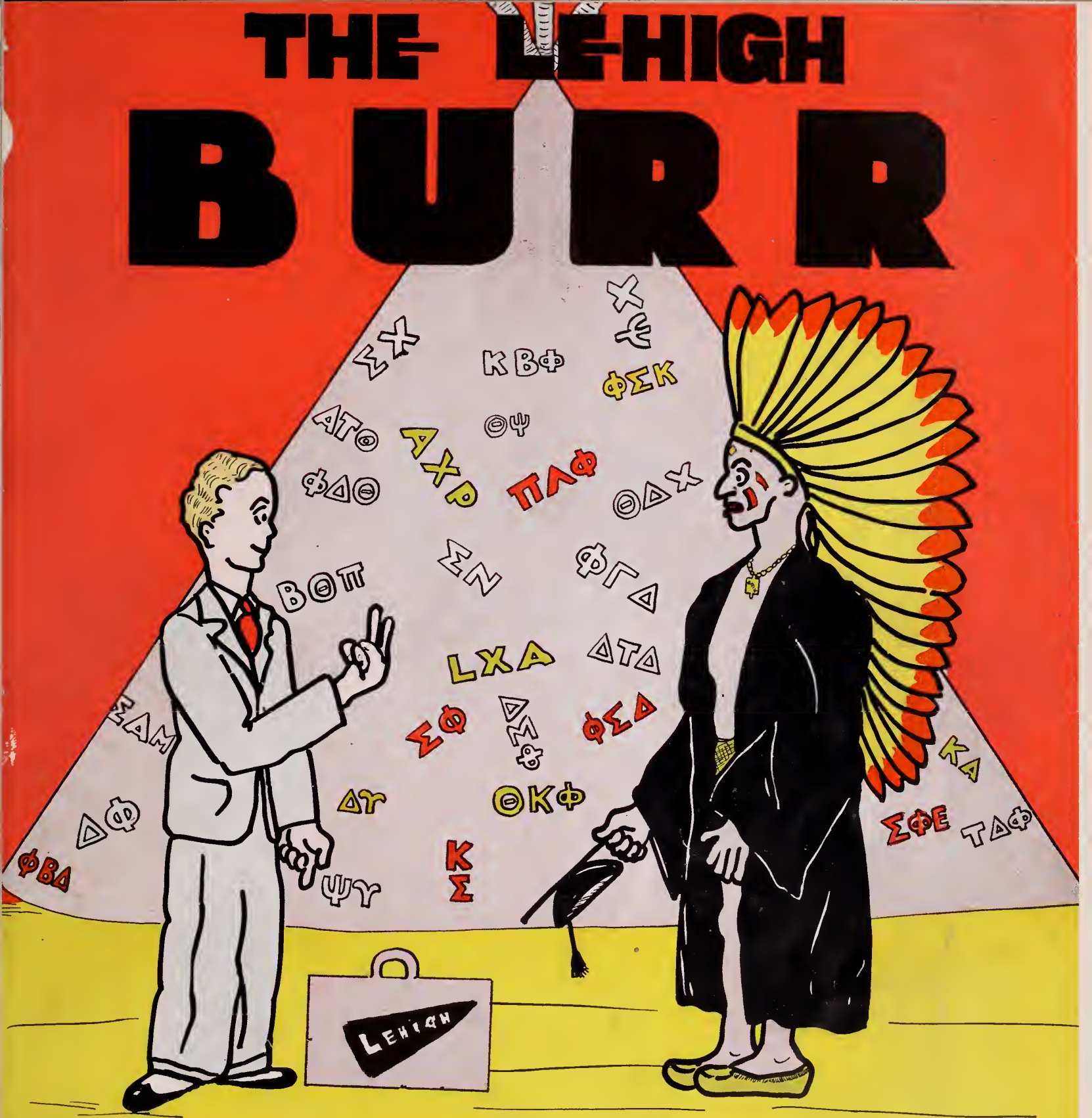
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THE LEHIGH BURR



COMMENCEMENT ISSUE

Her Name Is Legion



She is too young for Fear, but she knows hunger and cold. She has witnessed Despair in the droop of her father's shoulders and Fear in her mother's eyes. May she have Faith in us?

May We Have Grace to Give

Previously we chose to give to the Community Chest. Now we recognize there is no choosing. The conditions about us lay claim to our subscription -- and properly.

Previously our gift to the Community Chest measured our generosity or our sense of responsibility to the community. This year it must measure all the available resources at our command.

Once we gave what we believed we could spare. Now we must share all we have.

This page donated by the Lehigh Burr

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(Club features (free to guests) are as follows: Swimming pool, completely equipped gymnasium; game rooms for bridge and backgammon; roof garden and solarium. Restaurant and cafeteria service at reasonable prices.

My God! There's a Lehigh man

Who graduated in four years!

—BURR—

He couldn't do it — somehow his nerve always deserted him at the crucial moment. Why had he always been like this? Just when his opportunity arrived — when he really had a chance to prove himself — he failed. Would he always be like this, or would some catastrophe befall him 'ere soon to deprive him of what his soul demanded? Why not now? He wet his lips and passed a clamy hand over his feverish brow, he gulped, and then straightened his tie, his heart thumped, but there was no backing down now — it was too late . . . suddenly be blurted, "Lou I've been just dying to kiss you!"

THE BIG SENSATION THIS SUMMER
COOL AND REFRESHING



THEY SURE ARE LIFE SAVERS
...to parched palates

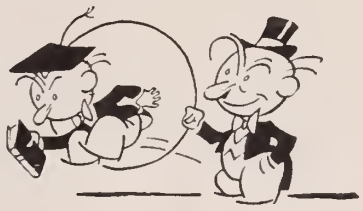
PROF. BUTTERWORTH

wishes to announce his regrets

to

DOCTOR CAROTHERS

for not being able to attend an Economics Lecture on May 3rd, 1932, due to a personal dislike for the Dog-Pit in Christmas- Saucon Hall.



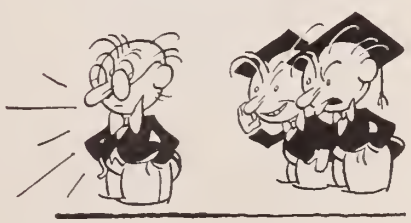
It won't be long now

● The time has come (the walrus said) when freshmen doff their dinks, sophomores and juniors tear off to Europe and seniors discover whether or not there is life after college.

Make your last days at school more pleasant by reading *Swizzle-stick*, a novelette by a débutante, which is as stimulating as the title implies; *Know Your Olympics*, an informative article on the event which holds the spotlight; and many other fiction and fact features reflecting all your high moments. There is rollicking, panicing humor to cheer your remaining days, in the July issue of

College Humor

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—

For Information Address
G. B. CURTIS, Registrar
Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.

First Diner—"Waiter, bring me a steak."
Second Diner—"One for me, too—a tender one."
Waiter (Yelling back to cook)—"Two steaks! One Tender."

——BURR——

Each passing year
See's another June,
When gray haired Seniors
Pass to oblivion.
God rest their souls
In this bad year —
Thank Heaven I'm safe
Ahem, you're (?) choice of
endings.
For five more here.

——BURR——

Lady Glowworm—"I never want to see you again."
Male Glowworm—"All right, Babe. You glow your way and I'll glow mine."

Cautious Father—"My dear, if you want a good husband, marry Mr. Frederick. He really and truly loves you."
Daughter—"How do you know that, daddy, dear?"
Cautious Father—"Because I've been borrowing money from him for six months and still he keeps coming."

——BURR——

What a wonderful bird the frog are,
When he stand he sit almost,
When he jump he fly almost,
He ain't got no sense,
He ain't got no tail hardly either,
When he sit he sit on what he ain't got almost.

——BURR——

Mistress (indignantly)—"Just look at the dust on this sideboard, Mary. It's at least six weeks old."
Mary (calmly)—"Then it ain't nothing to do with me, mum. I've only been here four weeks."



SAP AND GOWN!



THE LEHIGH BURR

VOL. XLIV MAY, 1932 NO. 9

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Portrait of a Senior Talking to Himself

Whew! here it is only a week before my first exam . . . why the h . . . didn't I hit those comprehensives? . . . oh, well, I have a good chance to pull up a few of my marks . . . that'll please the ole man . . . wonder if Jane is coming down for graduation? . . . maybe I'd better call her up tonight . . . she thinks that kind of stuff is the nuts . . . nope, can't do it . . . Arcadia meeting . . . or, is it the last house meeting? . . . damfino . . . must be on the books from now on . . . no more of this weekend crap . . . haven't even successfully weathered the storm since house party . . . boy, that blind date certainly could toss 'em off . . . anyhow, I made good resolutions afterwards . . . no more blind dates (except maybe a couple now and then) . . . never shall I drive to New York at 2 in the morning . . . "just to see the sun come up over the big buildings" . . . she **would**! . . . 'n a letter regarding plans for graduation . . . certainly never expected to see one of those . . . then they have to soak us for even the paper the diploma is printed on . . . whatta racket! . . . I'd kinda like to frame my diploma in a background of addresses, hot numbers, and cards collected in five years . . . just imagine, ole boy, five short years at Lehigh . . . not bad, considering there was a guy from some house on the hill that took six years . . . and then didn't get a diploma! . . . wonder who's going to give the long, dry speeches on ambition, "brink of life," and all that bunk? . . . what if you ever got the opportunity to address a Lehigh graduating class, ole boy? . . . betcha you'd slip them the **same** line we're going to get in June . . . humph, diploma in June, breadline in July . . . if it wasn't for Jane, I'd hop a freight for Chicago . . . maybe muscle in some racket . . . or marry some rich dame . . . nope, couldn't let the gang down . . . they think I'm quite the Civil . . . if they could only remember, I busted out once and was on pro every other semester, before they started makin' the place into a kindergarten . . . wonder what's at the movies tonight? . . . certainly will miss Austie and the gang in the fall . . . maybe I should come back for a masters . . . ha! B. S. in C. E., M. S., etc., etc.—whatta man! . . . whew! five-thirty already . . . gotta take a shower before dinner . . . well, I'll be d . . . I never did get that M. E. course finished up, and I was here all afternoon . . . whew! wish these exams were over!

A RECOLLECTION

It was back in twenty-eight,
With ambition to be great,
That we said we'd do or die
For the good old Lehigh.

We were mighty fresh and green,
With the stature of a bean,
But we always did our stuff
When a sophomore acted tough.

Well, our number shrunk that year,
But it wasn't from bad beer.
For the quizzes that were busted,
Would have even Max disgusted.

As sophomores we were tough,
Though the most of it was bluff.
We could even hold more beer
Than we did the previous year.

Though big leaguers one and all,
We were never on the ball;
And once more the big result
Was a decrease in our cult.

We were soon three quarters great,
And the masters of our fate.
So the most of us then voted
For the ardent wets—devoted.

At last perhaps from beer
Our statures grew quite queer;
And as seniors we just gloated
Over all that made us noted.

Now as victims of our fate,
We are neither smart nor great.
But the thing we'll e'er hold dear
Is our savory Bethlehem **beer.**

Top: Can you explain what Classic means?

Sam: Yes. I've so many classes that I have become classic.



DID'JA EVER?

Did'ja ever
Clown around
Your entire last semester,
And forget
All about your books,
An' then take the Carnegies
An' come out
In the first quarter;
So ya took a
Vacation during exams,
An' ya graduated
To the tune of your best girl's "Yes,"
An' the governor
Gave ya
A Packard roadster
An' a trip to Europe
For a present;
Then your uncle
Died,
An' left ya a pile
Of bucks
An' a job worth dough;
An' then ya
Woke up
An' found it was all
A dream.
Did'ja ever?

Right up to the minute



They're clicking with millions . . . You see more Chesterfields smoked every day...Here's why...

They're milder. They contain the mildest tobaccos that money can buy.

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FROWN AND BITE

Vol. 0—No. 0. May 32, 1932 Page—The Only One

Sub-Frosh Day Hit As Frown and Bite Innovates Editorials

Hoodlelap is Vexed by Much Quackery; Alters Policy of Paper Feeling That Too Much of the Old Oil is Prevalent at Flehigh University; The Maestro, Dr. Zilch Fimper and Angus Mick Fat, Advisory Committee, Favor Move

ISSUE MARKS INCEPTION OF MILITANT EDITORIALS

by Jeswick Hoodlelap, Esq.

With this issue, Jeswick Hoodlelap, Esq. announces and prints the first of a series of Flehigh Frown and Bite prolific editorials. Feeling that the Brown and White has not accomplished all that it might have done in the past years, the Frown and Bite takes the helm from its fast-floundering opponent.

The innovation of an editorial policy in this mighty publication culminated from a meeting held last evening called by Jeswick Hoodlelap and attended by the entire advisory board of the paper including none others than The Maestro, Dr. Zilch Fimper and Angus Mick Fat. These gentlemen, it will be recalled, are not only affiliated with the Frown and Bite in advisory capacity, but are also notorious in connection with their researches on the burping coefficient of beer and the reciprocal of burp.———— But not to digress, the Frown and Bite presents quite seriously its first editorial, which it will be observed disagrees with a Brown and White writing praising Flehigh for not having put on the dog last week.

EDITORIAL

Bamboozle the innocently gullible sub-frosh! Sling the old oil thick and fast!

These were the battle cries of a week ago when Flehigh was host to some 300 college men to-be on the occasion of sub-freshman day. With "Mona Lisa" smiles, our pedagogic friends painted too pretty a picture of college life.

Now its quackery like this that riles the Frown and Bite! ————Heads of departments strangely forgot to tell the visitors how increasingly difficult it is becoming to find positions for the seniors. Rash statements were made to the wild-eyed greenhorns to the effect that Flehigh supports extra-curriculum activities to the greatest extent. Leech opened the closely guarded portals of the library's brousing room. ————But it was the Brown and White which, foolishly enough, in its Town and Campus column, contrary to a later editorial, pointedly summarized what should be the attitude.

The Flehigh Frown and Bite:

Editor.....Jeswick Hoodlelap, Esq.
Assistants.....All the little Hoodlelaps
Advisory.....Angus Mick Fat,
Dr. Zilch Fimper, The Maestro

"So drag out the mandolins, 'phone the babes, stow the books and go to it. They'll learn in a couple of months from now that M-G-M and Flehigh have little in common, but until then let them enjoy themselves."

The Frown and Bite publishes this editorial for the purpose of inquiring why Flehigh students, professors and administrators deem it essential to become hypocrites in order to secure students? Why can't we stand on our own two feet and let them see us as we are? We are good enough! The hot air is unnecessary and absurd. ————And to think that it had to be the Frown and Bite to call attention to these facts.

NOTICE

The Frown and Bite wishes to call attention to the fact that this issue is the first which does not concern itself, in any degree, with the idiosyncratic activities of "Snickering" G. B. Kurtis, Flehigh's Fuller brush man.

Seniors to Peddle Aluminum Ware

Frown and Bite Suspects Depression as Pot and Pan Career Beckons Flehigh Men

by Elmer Hoodlelap

Hearsay and rumors have it that upon graduation not a few Flehigh engineers will become "Ware-Ever" pot and pan salesmen. Vive la pot salesman! It is said that engineers of all kinds and descriptions will be obliged to partake in work of this nature. The Frown and Bite strongly suspects that there must be a depression going on at this time.

It is to be assumed that the chemical engineers, with no small degree of diligence, will explain in their sales talks the corrosion withstanding features of aluminum pans while the metallurgical engineers will tell the housewives of the peculiar space lattice formation of that metal making it superior to all as a material from which to manufacture the frying pan. Engineering physicists will, undoubtedly be quite apt at describing to housewives methods of making dumplings.

Some May Sell Fuller Brushes

Next year it is thought that there will be interesting statistics available on just which type of engineer is the best suited to become a high pressure pot and pan salesman. It is also quite likely that a number of Flehigh's graduating engineers will be selling Fuller brushes at that time too, if they have a position at all.

The situation is such, in fact, that if the depression continues and the department heads at Flehigh don't perk up a little in this question of placing seniors, it may be necessary to teach all engineers the art of selling the pot and pan or the Fuller brush.

SCIENCE

(Contributed by Horatio Hoodlelap)

Professor Lambson, Flehigh's mathematical wizard, is said to be one of the eight men in the world who understands the Einstein theory of relativity. Einstein plays a fiddle and Lambson a cello. The other seven men must be picolo players.

GOOD-BYE TO THE COLONEL

a one act play in one act

Act 1. Scene 1. Setting: the stage at play-time (Enter Colonel Tomlinson and a student.)

Student: What. Going away?

Col. Tom: Yes, going away. But before I go away, I would ask you a question. Will you carry on?

Student: No. I can never carry on.

Col. Tom: Well then I am going away.

Student: What. Going away?

Col. Tom: Yes, going away. But before I go away, I would ask you a question. Will you carry on?

Student: N—. Well, perhaps, but who's the woman I'm to carry on with.

(Enter Mrs. The Colonel unseen by student.)

Col. Tom: My wife.

Mrs. Col. Tom: My husband.

Student: My Gawd.

— — — — Curtain — — — —

——BURR——

Mrs. Newwed—"I cook and bake for you and what do I get? Nothing!"

Mr. Newwed—"You're lucky. I get indigestion."

THINGS TO DO AT COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

Look bored
Tickle ear of fellow in front
Tickle ear of fellow to right
Tickle ear of fellow to left
Cuss at fellow in back for tickling ear
Clean fingernails
Look bored
Think of nice babe at Mickey's last night
Hope folks won't ask to see your "club"
Play tit-tat-toe with neighbor
Make cracks on speaker's funny looks
Wonder will this dam' thing never end
Look bored

Things NOT to do at Commencement Address

Listen to speaker.

——BURR——

Yes Sir! He had lots of good habits before he went to college,—but no more!

Sweet young voice from afar: Ooh, doesn't he brush his teeth any more?



CHORUS: "HOORAY! NOW WE CAN BE MARRIED!"



SHALL WE TELL HIM WE WUZ IN DE CLASS OF '32 AT LEHIGH?

THE QUALITY OF LIQUOR

The quality of liquor is not strained,
It dropeth as a gentle rain
Into the throat of man.
(Like grease into a frying pan)

It causes joy and bliss sublime,
And so it has from ancient time.
So 'tis wine or whiskey straight
That makes man stumble through the gate.

'Tis not allowed in this country free—
But what is that to you or me?
For when one wants to wet his lip,
He removes a flask from his room-mate's hip.

——BURR——

Fraternity Frank says:—Speaking of a crew, you ought to see Alpha Chi Rho! (Believe it or not, he's loose again!)

OUR VERY OWN QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT

Dear Uncle Henry,

I am graduating this year and so far have no prospects for a job. Despite all the backing of a great university, to say nothing of Neil Carothers, all my efforts to date have been in vain. Could you help me any?

Discouraged.

Dear Discouraged,

Better flunk a couple courses and stay in school. After all, the Maennerchor is still here.

Uncle (0.05av.) Henry.

———

Uncle Henry,

I'd like to come up to school for Alumni Day, but I'm afraid that if I do my wife will be unfaithful in my absence. What can I do? I don't want to miss my reunion.

'Twenty-seven.

'Twenty-seven,

Bring your wife along. I'll be here all week.

Uncle (Oh! Oh!) Henry.

———

Dear Uncle Henry,

To my mind there are not enough honorary societies at Lehigh. Since Arcadia abolished most of the class officers, there is not enough opportunity to dabble in politics. Could you suggest any societies we could establish?

Peejay.

Dear Peejay,

How about Nerts!

Uncle (Al Smith) Henry.

——BURR——

Traveller—"What's the use of you having time tables if your trains don't run on it?"

Porter—"Now, you're all excited. How could you tell they was running late if you didn't have a time-table?"

——BURR——

EPITAPH

Here lies a man who saved his all
For days when the rain and snow should fall;
He knew no pleasure, shared no game—
And died before the blizzard came.

——BURR——

Judge—"Have you ever been up before me?"

Stude—"I don't know. What time do you get up?"

Looking Around

LOOKING AROUND

There was a wise Senior named Herm,
Who flunked **all** six at mid-term;
When exams came along,
He sang a blues song,
For the profs. aren't soft, but firm!

******

. . . incidentally, although the above attempt at satire doesn't refer to a D. U. by that name, the culprit really does have a serious fault,—he likes Penn State house parties . . . an' furthermore, if I catch you with my date again, Charley Lattig may need a new goalie (and how!) . . . Junie (Snake) Snyder, at the Phi Doodle house, had it nosed about that he and his houseparty date were engaged . . . during the festivities of the week-end, said fiancee was found in the arms of no less than a dozen "pals" (?) . . . this happens to be further proof that the man-bite-dog idea is real **news!** . . . a certain gal-around-town really does hold down a job during the day . . . she is a manucurist, because of an innate desire to hold men's hands! . . . s'funny that so many people that happen to get the "birdie" through the press never appreciate that recognition of one's shortcomings, as pictured by the satirist, is the highest form of intelligence . . . may **certain** wiseacres take heed, and get intellectual (if possible) . . . again the usual Epitome polls will show that most Seniors smoke, like beer, hate redheads, would marry money, and prefer Burley-Qs to grand opera . . . ah! such vulgar tastes, so sayeth the worldly philosophers . . . ain't ya got no bringings up? . . . heard one about a freshman in English class who had been asked to give a sentence with the word "sanctuary" in it . . . very gravely, the scholar replied: "Sanctuary much for the swell party" . . . Sam (Just a Puppet of Passion) Simmons admits that the only reason he doesn't have dates is that nobody will date him! . . . after all, you can blame things on the depression just **so** far, and no more . . . a pouular idea among the townies is that Paul (Head of his Family) Preston is going to college incognito, and is really the prodigal son of some big butter-and-egg man . . . the ATOs at Nebraska compiled a platform for the coming presidential campaigns . . . although they are without a candidate as yet, the platform included some noteworthy points as: Companionate marriage, bigger and better blondes, and no censorship of movies . . . speaking of censorship, ATO (Swede) Gaetjens had a splendid idea for a **Burr** drawing, which was subsequently drawn up by X-Editor Giegerich . . . there was only one slight error; it would have been rejected by even Shooey, Flooey, or Blooey . . . and we don't mistake asthma for passion, either! . . . some dirty-dirty tells of a town deb, although she looks about 21 and is a pip; being specially trailed, and her escorts' names are held for future reference . . . it happens that the pretty miss is merely 15, and her mother doesn't want her to sneak away from her dollies . . . c'mon, gang, let's help keep Bethlehem **clean!** . . . everybody is wondering what Harry (Hat and Gloves) Warendorf will wear when it's too cold for his very distinctive regalia . . . just another reason why Lehigh placed third in the Vanity Fair Best Dressed College Contest last year . . . can't seem to figure out why Bill (Frankenstein) Crouse is called "Toucher" by his fraters in Phpsi U . . . perhaps arises from an old Main Line custom of his . . . this place is certainly going to the dogs . . . Ben (Double reverse) Bishop was found industriously working on a **sonnet** for some babe . . . no further reports are forthcoming, but when it reaches the poetry stage, who knows? . . . well, with the graduation of another class of so-called engineers and professed business leaders, the faculty can settle back and live along with the many varied accomplishments of the class of '32 . . . after all, they **did** make some real contributions to the Carnegies . . . for instance, one high and mighty thought Gainsborough's Blue Boy was a race horse . . . another felt that Shakespeare must have written Johnson's autobiography . . . certainly some humor magazine will appreciate such wit . . . the Height of Embarrassment: a certain campus politician was serenely sitting in chapel amidst all his cohorts after a recent election . . . suddenly one of those nize, gentle guys from the dorms saunters past our hero's pew, and in a voice, only a train-caller could love, yelled: "Hey! ——, did all your men get **in?!**" . . . aforementioned hero shrank to the size of Scotchman's tip . . . so, until the campus harks us back in September, may we say: Au revoir, pleasant dreams, good luck, and here's looking at-cha!

—Walter Windshield.



BIRDS DO IT
BEES DO IT
EVEN PH.Ds DO IT!

——BURR——

"Do you go to school here,"
"Yeah."
"What are you,"
"Iota Iota Iota"
"No. I mean how far are you."
"Sophomore and junior honoraries, three publication boards, prom chairman, manager athletic team . . . "
"No. No. What class are you?"
"Oh, Social graduate; scholastic junior."

Four years of study, pleasure, boredom, pain—
Four years of irresponsibility, debts, memoires—
Four years of hangovers, homesickness, being broke—
Four years of dancing, athletics, bull sessions—
Four years of new dance tunes, borrowing clothes—
Four years of borrowing money and girls and cars—
Four years of cut-pro, and trying to fool the dean—
Four years of exams, term reports, houseparties—
Four years of the Maennerchor, the Caprice, Buckys—
Four years with engineers, artsmen, business men—
Four years of sham, pretense, sincerity and good-fellowship—
Four years at Lehigh—and what of it?

——BURR——

WHAT OUR SENIORS WILL BE DOING:—

Now that the depression is over, we have at last obtained authentic reports on what a few of our noble graduates will be doing this summer. Here they are:

Homer J. Beeker—Homer has been negotiating favorably with the State Highway Dept. for a job, but has been able to squeeze no promises from the officials. He states that he will probably go back to the farm where he has been experimenting in egg laying for the past few summers.

Wilbur Horsefly—Wilbur has had several good offers from New York brokerage offices, but strange as it seems, says Wilbur, they have all either gone into the hands of the receivers or burnt down. Mr. Horsefly has been in heavy conference with the Reading Railroad Co. the last few days, however, and has just about convinced them that he would make a damn good track-walker.

Malcolm R. Momestead—Mac says he has been dickering with his old man for the old clerking job in the general store back home, and he probably will be up early every morning again this summer, sweeping the dust out from between the cracks in the sidewalk in front of the store.

P. Elwood Sweep—Mr. Sweep is very proud because he was able to obtain a job the first place he tried. He is hiring himself out as a clothes model down at Ginsberg's place on Third Street. It is sedentary work, says Elwood, but I always was one of the best looking men in my class and should make good.

Aloysius R. Shank—(Thank God! An honest man at last) Al says he has been writing everybody he knows, hasn't gotten the slightest chance of any offers, and doesn't have any idea what the hell he is gonna do.

THINGS TO DO THIS SUMMER:—

Cut the grass
Play "spin-the-pan"
Go down town and look in the shop windows
Get drunk
Look for a job
Go wading
Ask your old man again for the buck he owes you
Lick a postage stamp
Get drunk again
Chew your finger nails
Wish you were still in school
Wait for the mailman
Give your last nickel to a man for a cup of coffee

——BURR——

A novel sort of cross breeding resulted along the tracks of the Southern Pacific Railroad in Arizona when a female cactus plant proposed to a discarded orange peel that was "stuck on it."

——BURR——

The only profits fishermen make are net profits.



YAH — HOARDING YER MONEY!



HEY DEAN, IS THEY GONNA BE ANY HORSES IN THIS HERE LAFAYETTE CENTENNIAL.

——BURR——

WHO'D A THUNK IT?

A Pre-Med's Reflections on Graduation

If you could take a trip through the large intestine,
You would no doubt learn a worthwhile lesson.
President Hoover would be directing the work,
And in the corner Graucho Marks would lurk.
The duodenum would echo with Bing Crosby's voice
Al Smith would be teaching him how to rejoice.
Over in the Colon and Ileum tubes.
Babe Ruth would sit blindfolding the nudes.
Down in the appendix where the work is light,
You would see Colonel Lindbergh flying a kite.
In the pit of the stomach as you went by,
Would be the rest of your dinner, including the pie.
If you don't believe this and it has you guess'in,
Take this trip through the large intestine.

——BURR——

Head Bank Janitor (to ex-convict night watchman, on job for first time): "Well, did everything go all right?"

N. W.: "All but the building."



LEHIGH '32?
NO — TOM BASS 31.75!

Advt.

——BURR——

HUNKA TIN
(With apologies to Kip)

Did you ever think of all the scandal
That is wrapped around a sandal,
Now I ask you, did you, did you ever,
Hunka Tin?

If we could only turn its squeaking
Into real and actual speaking,
What secrets it could tell us,
Hunka Tin.

'Tis a sandal that was worn
By a Princess in the morn
And in the evening; Hully Gee!
Hunka Tin.

What stories it could tell us
Of Dukes so proud and pompus
And the Princess, in the evening,
Hunka Tin.

If that sandal would cast light
On what happened in the night,
We'd be shocked and educated,
Hunka Tin.

In that sandal was a stocking
Could they tell us something shocking?
Now I ask you, could they tell us,
Hunka Tin?

Statistics show that the average number of sons that Harvard graduates have is ½. It's certainly wonderful what birth-control has done.

——BURR——

She was only an electrician's daughter, but how she could make contacts!

——BURR——

"Hmm, a gentleman," she said as she picked several long blonde hairs off the coat of Carl Hull.

——BURR——

STOCK MARKET

When the bulls are away, the bears will play.

——BURR——

Woman: A person whose privilege it is to talk incessantly and to change her mind at will.

Man: A person whose privilege it is to listen incessantly and to have his mind changed at her will.

——BURR——

In the "good old days" a girl's aim in life was to be a gentle-woman; but now her daughter's aim with the pistol makes her man gentle.



WHEW, MAN!

THE WRECK OF THE THIRTY-TWO

The train was roaring down the track at a terrific speed. Past stations and towers, through tunnels, over bridges and grade crossings it whirled. On and on it sped. The limited was not traveling at its usual speed that night, decidedly not. It was going much faster, almost unbelievably faster. It roared on through the night past signals. Red, orange, and green lights flashed by in vain. The iron monster was rolling and rocking over rail joints and switches at a dangerous clip. She was pounding the rails with an almost unrestrainable force. She took the sharpest curves with ever increasing speed and on every curve we feared that she would leave the track. What was wrong? Was the engineer dead at the throttle? The air was filled with alarm and anxiety as the speeding limited rounded a dangerous curve. Why didn't someone do something? There was a sudden crash and a swerve. "Look out!", cried my dear father, seated behind me. The train bumped along the ties with a terrific din. There was a crash and the sound of steel, crushing steel pierced the air. A heart-rending scream resounded over all the din. Then all became menacingly silent. — — — — — — Little Johnnie's new electric train had jumped the track and run over the cat's tail.



FED-UP-ON-HEROES:— WHERE'S THIS ONE GOING?
2nd DITTO:— I THINK THEY'RE TAKIN' THE LAD UP TOWN TO BREED HIM!



The Mustard and Cheese Show

This spring the Mustard and Cheese Club presented Kaufman and Connelly's "BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK." This is a delightfully humorous satire on America's newly rich. The main character is a young composer, Neil McRae, who although living at the present time in New York, came originally from the small mid-west town of Livingston. McRae is played by John Aufhammer. The other important characters are Mr. and Mrs. Cady and their children.

The first several scenes are laid in the New York studio of McRae, and the dialogue between the host and the Cady family reveals the eccentricities of the newly rich, mid-western Cady family. Because Neil McRae's father was a lawyer and the outstanding citizen of Livingston, Mr. Cady encourages Neil to propose to his daughter, Gladys. Neil does this just before dozing as a result of sleeping tablets given him by a doctor friend, given to relieve a nervous disorder from which he had been suffering.

The several ensuing scenes are given to a depiction of a dream which McRae has while under the spell of the opiate. In this dream the idiosyncrasies of the Cady family are many times magnified, and the imminent married life of Neil with their daughter shown. The humor is delightfully refreshing, and reveals the authors' insight into the American ethos.

McRae awakens, breaks his engagement to Miss Cady, and marries the girl whom he has loved unknowingly for several years.

The Mustard and Cheese Club this spring has been ably assisted by the Faculty Dramatic Club that not only supplied the women for the female parts but also helped financially.

The leading parts were enacted by the following:

Mrs. Cady	Mrs. Rice
Gladys Cady	Mrs. Billinger
Cynthia Mason	Mrs. Ewing
Neil McRae	John Aufhammer
Mr. Cady	Joel Rothenberg
Homer Cady	David Goldberg
Dr. Rice	Samuel Simmons

The show was directed by Mr. Fletcher of the English Department. The costumes were chosen and designed by Mrs. Myer.

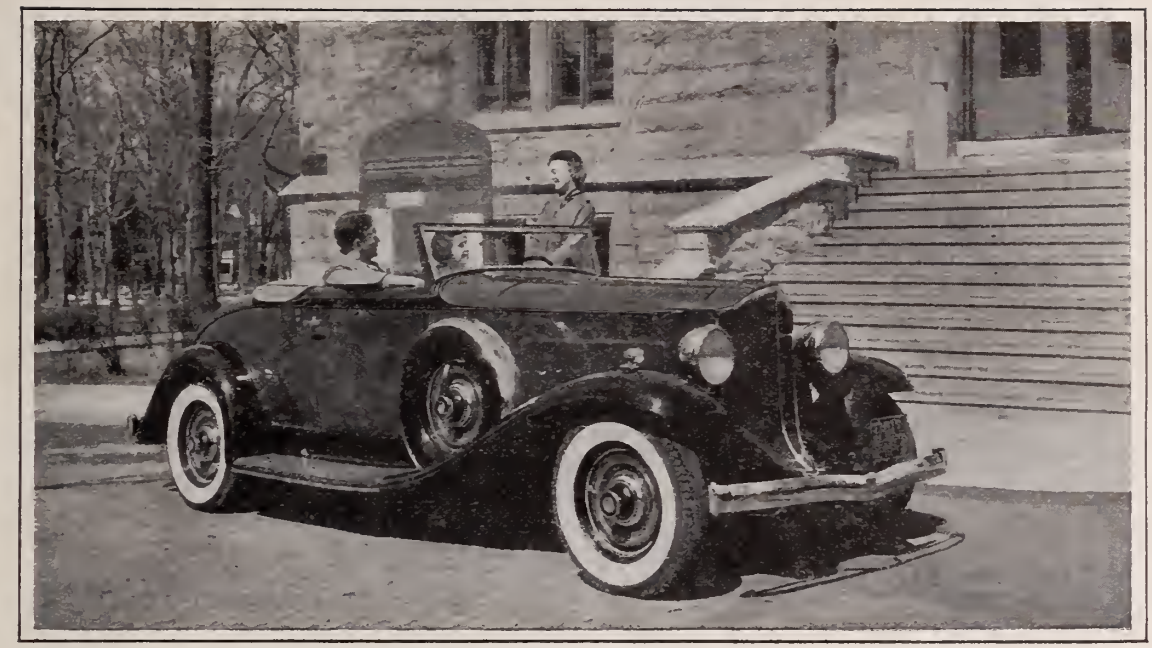
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"The Man Who Changed His Name"

Edgar Wallace's "The Man Who Changed His Name," with Fay Bainter, Frank Conroy, Thomas Louden and Reynolds Denniston, has gotten off to a great start at the Broadhurst Theater, New York City. The plot is mysteriously delightful. It is not so obvious as many of Wallace's other plays, and is much more humorous. A Canadian landowner, quite wealthy, and his wife, a charming young woman not yet thirty, come to a rift in their marital relations, because the wife is continually bored by the indifference of her husband. She does, therefore, take a younger man for her paramour, and aids him in his attempt to procure from her unsuspecting husband a tract of his Canadian land, in which there is a silver mine. While rumaging through his personal papers, they discover that the husband is a villain, infamous in the annals of criminology, and that he had been previously married. His previous wife had been unfaithful; so, he had killed both she and her lover. So well did he do the deed, that the police never suspected him. The young couple, particularly the wife, are very much frightened by this startling revelation of their common enemy, and are continually thereafter on their guard.

Their every subsequent act is demonstrative of the fear which grips them. They suspect every motion upon the part of the revealed criminal as an at-

(Page 24, Please)



Smart and Swift – *and How!*

HAVE you seen the snappy, new Packard Light Eight? Try this number over on your speedway and you'll join the rousing chorus, "What a car!" . . . Just get behind the wheel and go places. Put it through all its paces. You'll find it accelerates like a rocket, rides like a Pullman and turns up speed no end. And is this car *quiet?* You scarcely hear the engine purr. You glide away in low as noiselessly as you flash along in high. And you shift without a click. Free-Wheeling? It's yours at the flick of a finger . . . Now stand off and look at the job. It's long and rangy—low and smart—brimming with motor car "it." For you or your family here's a car that renews the thrill of youth . . . And, the marvel of it is, this Packard Light Eight lists at less than $2000 at the factory. A Packard! At a price! Use your influence!

PACKARD
Light Eight

ASK THE
MAN WHO
OWNS ONE

CONFESSIONS OF AN OPIUM-EATER

By that master of passion, E. Allan Moe, '32

******

Having shot a stream of lemon juice into my left wrist, as is my custom, I passed into one of my delightful reveries, wherein were revealed to me the lives of a few celebrities of the days of yore.

Is this South Mountain I see before me? The vision becomes clearer. Here is none other than Alan Wear, rounding corners, eluding gangsters, sidestepping traffic, and bearing under his arm a tin box. After many years of diligent efforts his ambition has been realized,—his promotion to a first grade bank messenger. Whom did I hear say football was a waste of time?

A gleam of blinding light, the source of which appears to be advancing. 'Tis an armor-clad knight of the Round Table. Wrong,—the apparition is our famous Colonel Burkie, who is not weighted down by a chest covered with medals, which reflect the sunlight, blinding those who dare to cross his path. The truth of the matter is that he received the first one by mistake, and that no one was responsible for the others.

A suffocating odor I experience next. Surely this must be Hades; and what a poor grade of fuel they use. But, no, a big black cigar is responsible for my discomfort. And following this cigar up the ladder of fame is Jay 'em Lions, the present political boss of the Metropolis, and who works hand in hand with Marredpuss. A. Scraponi to control the beer monopoly.

At last they have caught me; am I not in Rittersville Sanitarium? Is this not a madman approaching? "Shake not thy gory locks at me!" I shame myself for not recognizing the monstrosity, Joe Rottenburg, who has swept Broadway out of its seats by his dramitazation of "The Fiend." He received his training in our own Ketchup and Beans Club.

The light grows dim. The only source of light is is a desk lamp over in the corner. There is a corps in the chair, so stiff and still. It has not moved for hours. And then a tremor, it sighs, and then groans, signifying success! Professor Hellmore, '32, has come to the conclusion and proved beyond a doubt that the sun sets in the **west.** His calculations are so involved that only one other can understand them, and he does not agree with it. The professor will surely be permitted a greater number of cuts at the hands of our prexy, Maccoon. Incidentally, Flehigh still retains its ancient cut system, which has been so ridiculed in recent years.



THANKS FOR THE PRIZE MONEY — I OWE IT ALL TO MY FRATERNITY BROTHERS!

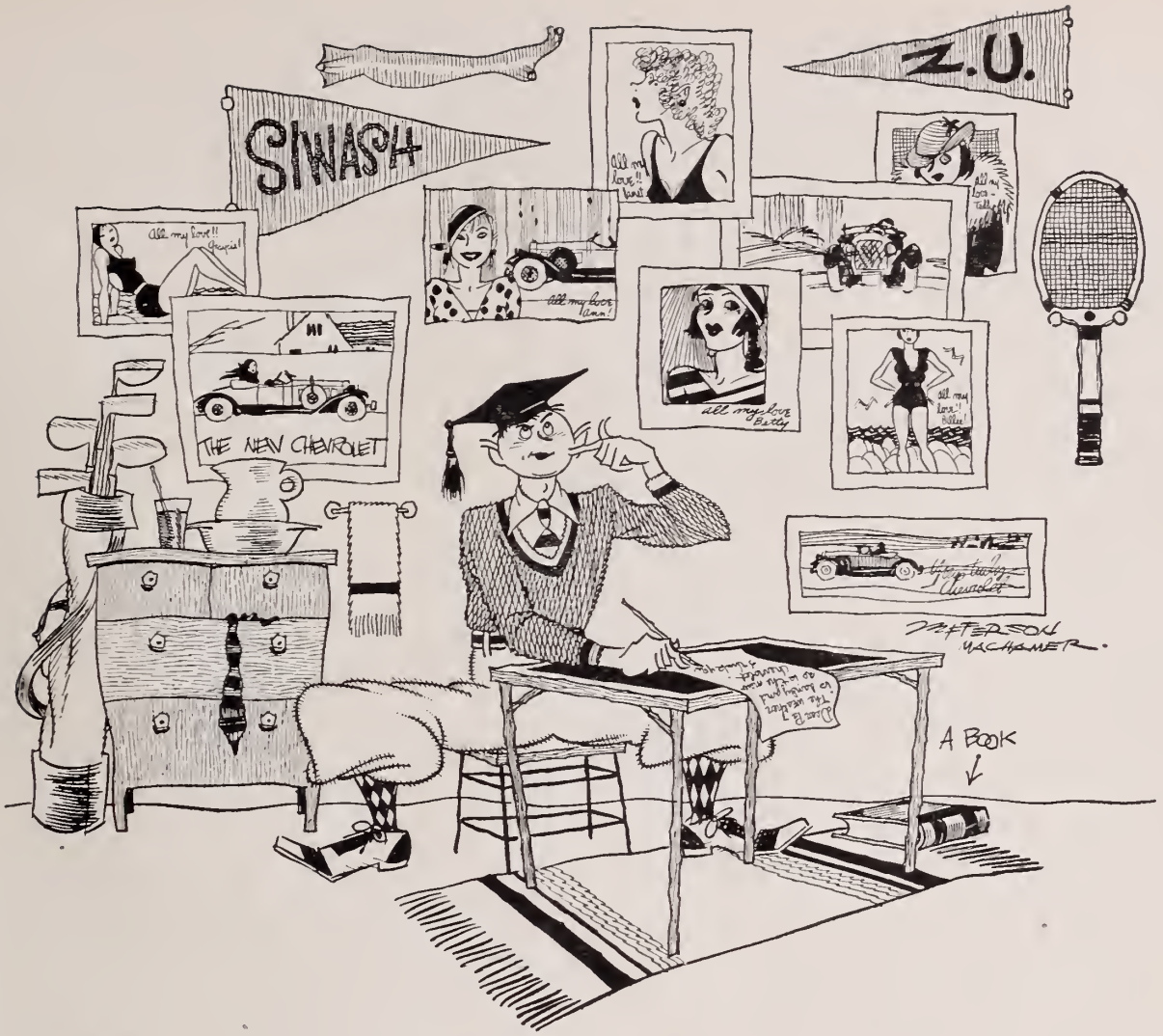
——BURR——

The setting is transformed into a physics laboratory and who stands by but good old Jimmy Mockthrorton, C. E. '32, whose discoveries in the realms of science and physics have astonished **even** Galileo. We all knew Jerome would turn out O. K.

A tonsoliar parlor operated by the Sophomore council. Professor Biddleher has been retained by the University at the highest salary to supervise the scalping of freshmen by this crew of gorillas. The head man (not a pun) Himself swings a wicked pair of clippers, although he has passed his allotted fourscore years and ten.

Now a very familiar scene crosses my vision. The place where I first learned the art of doping, the faculty room in the administration building. Dean Sax, of the class of '32, is suggesting a college meeting, but the black scowls on the faces of the others present remind him that such activities had been considered demoralizing way back in 1932, and since.

Materials change, but the spirit prevails!



Seniors—*Pass Out in Style!*

THOUSANDS of seniors (well, several anyway) have asked us how to be sure of getting a Chevrolet Six for graduation. Suggestions spring from our typewriter like moths from summer flannels.

Work the word Chevrolet into all your letters home—and write often. Intimate that too much walking is giving you a permanent Charley horse. Have the car sent to your home on approval, disguised as a set of the Harvard Classics. Or even—and this idea is practically infallible—ask for one point-blank.

It really isn't much to ask for, you know, from a purely mercenary standpoint. Chevrolet prices are among the lowest at which any car sells. And *upkeep*—well, we're certainly glad you asked about *that*, for Chevrolet's upkeep economy is *positively unexcelled!* But, for all that, the new Chevrolet Six is just about the smartest thing on wheels, and possesses all the speed and power you've wanted for, lo, these many years. What's more, the combination of Syncro-Mesh gear-shifting and Free Wheeling makes for thrilling new driving ease.

Right now, when you are actually about to fulfill the hopes of your fond parents, is a splendid time to broach this subject. If you doubt your oratorical powers, pour out your heart in a letter. After all, you might as well get *some* good from all those rhetoric courses.

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Boss—"How long do you want to be away on your honeymoon?"

Bookkeeper (timidly)—"Well, sir-er-how long would you say?"

Boss—"How do I know. I haven't seen the bride."

——BURR——

The plaintiff, Sisson by name, was on the stand. Unfortunately he stuttered.

Judge—"What's your name?"

Sisson (growing red in the face)—"S-s-s-s-sis-s-sis-s-ahs—"

Judge (to clerk)—"What is this man charged with?"

Clerk—"Sure and I think it must be soda water, your honor."

——BURR——

Doctor—"What is the most you ever weighed?"

New Patient—"154 pounds."

Doctor—"And what is the least you ever weighed?"

New Patient—"8¼ pounds."

Doctor—"It's most essential that you refrain from doing headwork during the next few weeks."

Patient—"Yes, doctor, but it's my living."

Doctor—"Oh, are you a scholar?"

Patient—"No, I'm a barber."

——BURR——

Teacher—"And now that we've had our little talk on natural history, perhaps some little boy can tell me what animal eats the least food?"

Willie—"A moth."

Teacher—"A moth? Why do you say that?"

Willie—"Well, he only eats holes, don't he?"

——BURR——

Young Willie to the pharmacy
Proceeds with every mark of glee.
To purchase castor oil he goes,
And why he's happy no one knows,
Unless—ah, there you have it, Mister.
The oil is for his little sister.

——BURR——

A pretty good firm is Watch and Wait.
Still another is Attit, Early and Late.
Another is Doo and Daret.
But the best of all is Grin and Barrett.

DIAMOND DUST

By Jim Cunningham

Ramblings on Another Athletic Year

With the last issue of WEE BURRO we come to the close of a mediocre year in the sport world. Not many flowery words can be wasted on the fall sports, but the excellent prospects for a good season next fall does not tear down our athletic backbone. To those who have followed the Lehigh athletic teams closely for a long time, we glean the following dope: A green football team built up to a smooth working combination by the end of last season. A line that will likely remain intact for next season with many promising youngsters coming up from Bob Adams' frosh team. A tough schedule for next fall that would ordinarily drive any coach wild. Austy has been here long enough to remain calm in the face of the big red movement taking place in our much publicized Athletic Board of Control. A Lafayette game that will long be remembered. Wrestling circles around every opponent with exception of the Navy finds Billy Sheridan given the greatest honor ever placed on a Lehigh coach and the wee Scotchman feels good about next year. A so-so basketball team and the very surprising announcement of the firing of Roy Geary. The experienced material coming up from Bart's frosh five and the promotion of Bart along with them looks like good timber toppers for next winter. Back to the grapplers in order not to forget the champs and to bid farewell to Bill Shanker. Spring sports and a few words of praise to one Mr. Robert Adams and his varsity nine who came back after losing the first three games to tear into every opposing pitcher, and the good work of Jack Layton and Elmer Glick in subduing the opposing artillery. A great track team and the excellent showing of Charlie Fuller and Capt. Libert Chandler. The Kanaly-men haven't had such a well balanced team in years. And so to close with the stickmen and shed a tear. The great question left in our memories is the coming or going of this sport called lacrosse.

News of the Port:

Arrivals: Many green, awe-stricken, sofa-loving athletes called freshmen.

Departures and Regrets: **Allen Ware—**

There is nothing in our meager vocabulary that could express the empty feeling that exists when we speak of the graduation of Al Ware. Not since the days of Andy Farabaugh, Brick Gearhart, Pat Pazzetti, and their crew has Lehigh experienced the decided all around work of an athlete like this lion-hearted gentleman. And so good luck and success to you, Al Ware!

So Frown Says to Bite:

Dear Mr. Tate,

I am writing you with the backing of the student body of Lehigh University, which has been given to me by myself. We feel that you can do something about the sad state of affairs that exists during football season. If a little squirt like Billy Sheridan can turn out championship teams year after year, then you ought to play Notre Dame for an easy opener, have Lafayette as a breather, and finish the season with Southern California. I assure you that I will arrange with Mr. Petrikin in securing such a schedule if you feel that it will be big enough for the Lehigh team to handle. I personally feel that our schedules have been below standard and the students hate to bring their parents and girls to see Lehigh play an easy team and get all the credit for a great season. We want action and I have the authority to tell you that we won't stand for any more foolishness.

Yours Respectfully,

Hartin Meed.

Did You Know:

That the famous Brick Gearhart of yesteryear is the father of our own Foster Gearhart, '34.

That Louie Taglan, a rabid Lehigh fan, once managed a baseball team here in this fair city and had such players as Al Shact, the Washington clown, and others.

That Jimmy and Mike, the towel dispensers at the gym, remember practically all the old grads when they come back.

That Garry Grier played with the Philadelphia Athletics in an exhibition game once and looks like the greatest shortstop we've had in many moons.

That this is good-bye until next fall when we again hear the sound of the pigskin against the toe. Happy times and a pleasant summer.

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THEATRE

(Continued from Page 18)

tempt to murder them. Consequently, given the talents of a very excellent cast, the production is splendid entertainment.

******

"HOT CHA"

Another of Florenz Ziegfeld's stupendous productions has found much favor on Broadway this spring. The production in question is "Hot Cha," savoring of Senoritas, bull-fights, and a general Latin atmosphere, now showing at the Ziegfeld theater, New York. For his cast Mr. Ziegfeld has included some screen talent—Lupe Velez, Alice White, and the "versatile" Charles (Buddy) Rogers — not to mention Bert Lahr, lately of George White's "Flying High."

I might say that Bert Lahr makes just as good a bull-fighter (technically called a toreador) as he did an aviator. However, Mr. Lahr contrives to be on the stage a trifle too often. He is undeniably funny, but his type of fun-making is so obvious that it can easily be overdone.

Lupe Velez is the gorgeous senorita, and presents a wealth of talent that somehow has never registered on the screen. Her dancing is poignantly alluring, and to say the least, of a rather passionate variety.

Whoever conceived the idea of importing Buddy Rogers from Hollywood (I presume it was Mr. Ziegfeld) should take steps for his deportation. This unique decoration plays six separate and distinct instruments — including the trombone for which he is so famous—and all the while displays his personality in the manner of a glorified prep-school boy. Mr. Rogers does play well, but he is utterly lacking in stage presence.

The settings and costumes are of the usual magnificent Ziegfeld variety and lend no discredit to the background for glorification of the American girl. The chorus is exceptionally well trained and well clothed and presents several original numbers. The team of De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson have written the score including the tuneful "You Can Make My Life a Bed of Roses."

——BURR——

Yes, life is incomplete at best,
For Ann Eliza Swope,
For Ann Eliza has a chest,
But, ah, she has no hope.



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C. A. SERMAN, Assistant Cashier

Oldest Bank in Bethlehem

Then there was the absent-minded professor who kicked his whole class out for inattention and then went on and finished his lecture.

——BURR——

If one of your mob is unaccountably missing for several days, send a frosh down to Hyphen Hall. He may have been corralled by Doc Caruthers.

——BURR——

Cap Clay told us a dumb, dumb story about an unfortunate soldier who was shot full of soft lead bullets. (Catch on!)

——BURR——

The army inspector who visited us last week was pleased with our work, but he declared the tent pitching was a put up job.

——BURR——

No product in the world has as great a turnover as chewing-gum.

A young man stepped down street after dinner one evening for a glass or so of beer. The proprietor of the speakeasy he entered could not offer beer, but he sold the young man some bootleg (extra special). The bootleg was poison and as soon as the man drank it, he promptly died, so we can't say he didn't get his bier, anyhow.

——BURR——

Prof.'s wife—"Do you believe that married men live longer?"

Absent-minded Prof.—"No, it only seems longer."

——BURR——

First Married Man—"Are you going to the party to-night?"

Second Married Man—"No. My wife wants to go, but I have no intention of going."

First Married Man—"O. K. I'll see you at the party."

E. P. WILBUR TRUST CO.

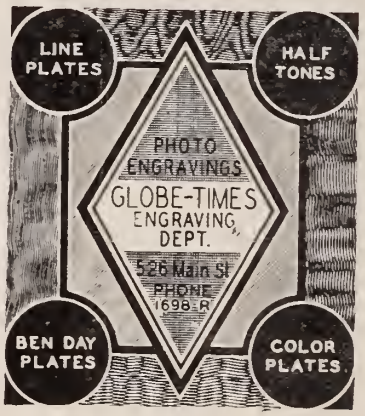
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Open Saturday Evenings, 6:30 to 8:30



Did'ja ever
Struggle through
High school
To get in college,
And ya' family
Kept hollering
About ya' marks.
An when ya' finally
Got in—
Ya' worked like hell
For four years—
Only to be told
On the day ya' were
To Graduate
That ya' hadn't passed
Your first term
Of Physical Ed.
And so ya' couldn't wear
A black robe
Or break a pipe over
Some dumb classmate
Instead ya' hadda wait
For Founders day—
Did'ja Ever?

Did'ja Ever
As a freshman
Drink lotsa' beer?
Did'ja Ever
As a Sophomore
Have a smooth babe?
Did'ja Ever
As a JUNIOR
Have rotten marks?
Did'ja Ever
As a S e N i O r
Say ta' hell
With everything?

*****

Then ya' four years
Weren't wasted!

WHY

Did'ja ever
Wonder why there were
So many "Did'ja Evers?"
Did'ja ever know
That the guy what writes
These fool things
Wonders why, too?
Did'ja ever? Well — Did'ja?

A travelling man stopped in a Boston restaurant and when he had finished his dinner, the waiter suggested that he try some George Washington cream pie. He was delighted with the vanilla cake covered with sauce. Later he was in Richmond and, remerbering the desert, asked for it again. The waiter brought chocolate cake covered with sauce and the customer declared that it was not the same Washington cream pie he had had in Boston. The waiter pulled himself up in a superior way.

"Boss, yo all fogot to recon dat up dar, dey gots onie one Washington. Down here we's got two, Gawge and Booker."

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NEWPORT PALM BEACH



© BROOKS BROTHERS

Golfer (who had just gone around in 112) — "Well, how do you like my game?"

Caddie—"I suppose it's all right, but I still prefer golf."

——BURR——

The old lady was looking for something to grumble about. She entered the butcher shop with the light of battle in her eyes.

Old lady—"I believe you sell diseased meat here?"

Butcher—"Worse."

Old lady (astonished)—"What do you mean, worse?"

Butcher—"The meat we sell is dead."

——BURR——

Visitor—"Don't you every cry when your father spanks you?"

Son—"Naw! What's the use? He's stone deaf."

——BURR——

George—"I hear you and your wife had some words."

Samuel—"I still have mine. I didn't get a chance to use them."

Teacher—"Sammy, do you know what a gentleman farmer is?"

Sammy—"Yes, ma'am. It's a man who loves cows but doesn't know how to milk 'em."

——BURR——

The school teacher had been reading her class some stories of the lives of famous inventors.

"Now then, Edgar, what would you like to invent?"

Edgar rose to his feet with a puzzled frown on his face.

"Well, teacher," said the youth, "I'd like to invent a machine so that by simply pressing a button all my lessons would be done."

The teacher shook her head.

"That's very lazy of you, Edgar," she reprimanded. "Now let Willie Wilson say what he would like to invent?"

"Something to press the button," came the dreamy reply.

——BURR——

Shoe Salesman—"You should have some Keds."

Jewish Girl—"Sir!"

—Widow

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Our facilities are the best for class and fraternity dinners, banquets, etc.

KISMET

(Free verse, Free love, Free lunch — what next?)

Several hundred seniors had started out to pass
All their courses and diplomas to receive;
But there are you know regulations such purposes to foil,
And one by one they left for home at Prexy's word, "Go."
You have heard no doubt of probation resulting from cuts,
Never dreaming for a moment such a thing was true.
Alas, many received messages by mail
That having overstepped the prescribed limit they must go!
We must not fail to mention chapel here,
And our obligation this function to attend,
And those, having failed in performance of this duty,
Who will wait until next semester for another chance.
Those who could not succeed in passing simple courses
Such as Analytical Mechanics and the like,
Resorted to Arts and Business to secure the cherished Sheepskin,
But by ridiculous technicalities were again defeated.
Those few who remained to see the bright day dawn for them
When they would saunter down the aisle in cap and gown,
Found many opportunities in the D. S. C. awaiting them,
Joined the Navy, or diner in breadlines with the unemployed.

——BURR——

Burro's latest hot tip is that the depression is so bad in Chicago that they have changed the 'Keep off the Grass' signs to **'Don't Eat the Grass.'**

A prominent professor and his wife were sitting on the beach in their swimming suits when the professor's wife introduced him to a lady friend of hers. Several days later the professor was on a street car with a group of students and the lady got on the car. The professor smiled and bowed to the lady but she did not seem to recognize him. Then while the car was stopped for a traffic light and comparatively quiet she leaned across the aisle and said, "Oh, professor, I'm so sorry I didn't speak to you earlier. I didn't recognize you with your clothes on."

Dirge

——BURR——

PASTORAL

Violets are green,
Roses are pink
Immediately after
The thirteenth drink.

—Reel

——BURR——

We recently waited in vain all during one of those popular "All Barkie" comedies for the canine general to give the command "To your posts men."

—Belle Hop

——BURR——

S. D. J. — What character do you have in the next act?

Girl—I'm not supposed to have any character; I'm in the chorus.

—Beanpot

——BURR——

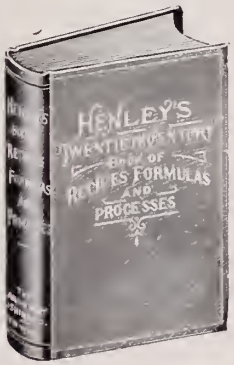
He shuffles into class almost nine minutes late every day, and creates an unnecessary noise by slamming the door after him. He disturbs a large part of the class by calling them by name, and sometimes he is even known to talk aloud in the very midst of class—.

Is he on probation? Why, of course not! He's our professor.

—Purple Parrot

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★ NOW, AS THEN, ARROW SETS THE STYLE ★



1911

This dashing equestrian was much in evidence at the more fashionable horse shows of 1911. To the hard-riding set of today, his costume may appear just a trifle noisy—his collar just a bit too formal. But then he was the very "glass of fashion and mould of form"—as evidenced by the admiration of the Girl Friend. For then—as now—the style was set by Arrow.



1932

The well-dressed young man of 1932 wears the Arrow Gordon. An oxford shirt with a collar into whose fit have gone all the secrets Arrow has learned in tailoring over four billion collars. In white with either a plain collar or the button-down collar shown here, the Gordon is $1.95. Its companion is the Trump. Of specially woven broadcloth, in white, stripes and plain colors, $1.95.

Arrow Shirts are shrunk by Arrow's own Sanforizing Process—the only process of its kind—a process that guarantees permanent fit no matter how many times the shirt is laundered or you get your money back.

Whether your arms are long or short, you can get your correct sleeve lengths in an Arrow Shirt, and they stay correct forever. For Arrow is known for its meticulous fit—from the cuffs to the collar. An Arrow collar is the best-fitting, smartest looking collar that ever graced a shirt. And it's the collar, you know, that makes or mars the style of a shirt—the part of a shirt that the world sees. Only Arrow Shirts have Arrow Collars. When you're buying shirts, look for the Arrow label. Remember, if it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt.

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